



THE LOW END THEORY

TRIBER CALLED
QUEST

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Buggin' Out"

[Phife Dawg]

Yo, microphone check one two what is this
The five foot assassin with the ruffneck business
I float like gravity, never had a cavity
Got more rhymes than the Winans got family
No need to sweat Arsenio to gain some type of fame
No shame in my game cause I'll always be the same
Styles upon styles upon styles is what I have
You wanna diss the Phifer but you still don't know the half
I sport New Balance sneakers to avoid a narrow path
Messin round with this you catch ?the sizin of em?
I never half step cause I'm not a half stepper
Drink a lot of soda so they call me Dr. Pepper
Refuse to com-pete with BS competition
Your name ain't Special Ed so won't you Seckle With the Mission
I never walk the streets, think it's all about me
Even though deep in my heart, it really could be
I just try my best to like go all out
Some might even say yo shorty black you're buggin' out

[Q-Tip]

Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, uh!
Zulu Nation, brothers that's creation
Minds get flooded, ejaculation
right on the two inch tape
The Abstract poet incognito, runsss the cape
Not the best not the worst and occasionally I curse to get my
point across, so bust, the floss
As I go in between, the grit and the dirt
Listen to the mission listen Miss as I do work, umm
as I crack the, monotone
Children of the jazz so, get your own
Smokin R&B cause they try to do me
or the best of the pack but they can't do rap
For it's Abstract, orig-inal
You can't get your own and that's, pitiful
I know I'd be the man if I cold yanked the plug
on R&B, but I can't and that's bugged

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out [x8]

[Phife Dawg]

Yo when you bug out, you usually have a reason for the action
Sometimes you don't it's just for mere satisfaction
People be houndin, always surroundin
Pulsin, just like a migraine poundin
You don't really fret, you stay in your sense

?Comafied? your feeling, of absolute tense
You soar off to another world, deep in your mind
But people seem to take that, as being unkind
"Oh yo he's acting stank," really on a regal?
A man of the fame not a man of the people
Believe that if you wanna but I tell you this much
Riding on the train with no dough, sucks
Once again a case of your feet in my Nike's
If a crowd is in my realm I'm saying -- mic please
Hip-hop is living, can't yank the plug
if you do the result, will end up kind of bugged

[Q-Tip]

Yo, I am not an invalid although I used to smoke the weed out
Ali Shaheed Muhammad used to say I had to be out
Schemin on the cookies with the crazy boomin back buns
Pushin on the real ?hardest? so we can have the big fun
When I left for Rosie I was Boulevard status
Battling a MC was when Tip was at his baddest
It was one MC after one MC
What the world could they be wanting see from little old me
Do I have the formula to save the world?
Or was it just because I used to swipe the women and all the girls
I'm the type of brother with the crazy extended hand kid
Dissed by all my brothers I was all up what my man did
Supposed to be my man but now I wonder cause you're feeble
I go out with the strongest and I seperate the evils
it's your brain against my mind, for those about to boot out
All you nasty critters even though you see I bug out

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out [x8]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rap Promoter"

[Q-Tip:]

It's a fly love song

To the effect of nothing, effective fronting
Is what I don't allow so let me tell you something
I am a bonafide
Not too modest and not a lot of pride
Soon to have a ride and a home to reside
If my momma is sick I'm by her bedside
Used to watch the show on Channel 4 called Riptide
Wash my wears in-Tide cause it's too damn cold out-Tide
That's how the runnings go
If there ain't no dough then there ain't no show
So take your roly poly fat promoter (ass)
To the Chemical Bank, and get my cash
If you wanna see the people scream and laugh
You best Quest, you ask the Quest, you ask real fast
Cause I don't wanna see 'em, start bucking
Throwing chairs in the air while you be ducking
What what? Don't step to me with that
If you promoting a show make sure it ain't wack
Or else I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
Your wack show

[Q-Tip & {Phife}:]

Yo man what's up with that?
{Yo don't sweat me
C'mon, five hundred, that was the deal}
C'mon man, don't try to play me out
{We don't need you, sorry!}
And the Abstract rapper says

[Q-Tip:]

I want chicken and orange juice, that's what's on my rider
And my occasional potato by Ore-Ida
Don't forget my pastry make sure they're tasty
I'm not the type to be pushy or hasty
See I'm the type of bro that's reared in the ghetto
Took a few shorts before
Now the only ones I take are the ones that I wear
Ain't taking no shorts no more, now
Please act proper 'fore I call the CrimeStoppers
Don't dip on the dough, cause that's a no-no
Make sure you count your money real slow
Be alert, look alive, and act like you know

It's, the 90s, time to make moves
Not, the 80s, do away witcha womb
So what? You got a crew
I got one too, they're called the Brooklyn Zu
Don't break fool, let's be reserved and cool
We don't have to act like we in grade school
Just make sure that we're taken care of
And we'll do a fly show for ya bub, check it out

Diggy dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Butter"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

1988 Senior Year, Garvey High
Where all the guys were corny but the girls were mad fly
Loungin with the Tipster, Coolin with Sha
Scopin out the honeys - they know who they are
I was the b-ball playin fly rhyme sayin
Fly girl gettin but never was I sweatin
Cause when it came to honeys I would go on a stroll
Until I met my match - her name was Flo
Yeah - I messed around with the one called Flo
All the troopers round the way used to call her a ho
But deep down in my heart I knew that Flo was good to go
Cause I thought it was me - like Bell Biv Devoe
But little did I know that she was playin' with my mind
The only thing I learned is, good girls are hard to find
I feel like Heavy D I need somebody for me
Not someone who's mind is blank and tryin' to juice me for my bank
Swingin' with my main man Lucky behind my back
What type of crap is that - yo, hows about a smack?
Word life, I can't front - thought I was all that
But now it seems, I met my match
Was a stone cold lover, you couldn't tell me jack
Settlin' down with one girl, wasn't tryin' to hear that
I had Tonya, Tamika, Sharon, Karen
Tina, Stacy, Julie, Tracy
Used ta love 'em, leave 'em, skeeze 'em, tease 'em
Find 'em, lose 'em - also abuse 'em
My whole attitude was new day, next hon
And believe it or not, they all got done
Well here comes Flo, with the crazy whip appeal
And I'm all true man, like Alexander O'Neal
Is this really love, then again, how would I know
After all this time tryin' to be a superhoe
She finally played me, but yo, I'd find another
Cause I got the crazy game and yo, I'm smooth like butter

[Chorus: Q-Tip]

Butter, like butter baby . . . [x2]
Not no Parkay, not no margarine,
Strickly butter baby, strictly butter

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

I remember when,
Girls were goodie two shoes, but now they turned to freaks

Allofasudden "We love you Phife" - ease of ho, my name's Malik
Phife this, Phife that, where you goin', where you at
These girls don't know me from jack, yet I feel like the Mack
You didn't want me then, so hon, don't want me now
Here, Here - take the towel, wipe off your brow
And take the Ccontact out your eye, you're far from lookin' fly
You get an E for effort, and T for nice try
Now tell me what's the reason, for dyin' your hair
Slum village gold still danglin in your ear
You barely have a neck but still sportin' a rope
Four-finger ring just so Phifer can scope
You looked in the mirror, didn't know what to do
Yesterday your eyes were brown but today they are blue
Your whole appearance is a lie and it could never be true
And if you really loved yourself then you would try and be you
If your hair and eyes were real, I wouldn't have dissed ya
But since it was bought, I had to dismiss ya
If you can't achieve it, then why not try and weave it
If you can't extend it then you might as well suspend it
If you can't braid it, best thing to do is fade it
I asked who did your hair and you tell me "Diane made it"
If you were you and just you, talk to you, maybe
But I can't stand, no bionic lady
Tryin' hard to look fly, but yo, you're lookin' dumber
If I wanted someone like you I woulda swung with Jamie Summers
You wanna be treated right, see Father MC
Or check Ralph Tresvant, for sens-a-tiv-i-ty
See I am not the one, I got more game than Parker Brothers
Phife Dog is on the mic and I'm smooth like Butter . . .

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Excursions"

[vocal interludes sampled from "Time is Running Out" by The Last Poets]

[Q-Tip]

Back in the days when I was a teenager
Before I had status and before I had a pager
You could find the Abstract listening to hip hop
My pops used to say, it reminded him of be-bop
I said, well daddy don't you know that things go in cycles
The way that Bobby Brown is just ampin like Michael
Its all expected, things are for the lookin
If you got the money, Quest is for the bookin
Come on everybody, let's get with the fly modes
Still got room on the truck, load the back boom
Listen to the rhyme, to get a mental picture
of this black man, through black woman victim
Why do I say that, cuz I gotta speak the truth man
Doing what we feel for the music is the proof and
Planted on the ground, the act is so together
Bonafied strong, you need leverage to sever
The unit, yes, the unit, yes, the unit called the jazz is
deliberatley cheered LP filled with streeet goods
You can find it on the rack in your record store (store)
If you get the record, then your thoughts are adored
and appreciated, cause we're ever so glad we made it
We work hard, so we gotta thank God
Dishin out the plastic, do the dance till you spastic
If you dis... it gets drastic
Listen to the rhymes, cuz its time to make gravy
If it moves your booty, then shake, shake it baby
All the way to Africa a.k.a. The Motherland (uh)
Stick out the left, then I'll ask for the other hand
That's the right hand, Black Man (man)
Only if you was noted as my man (man)
If I get the credit, then I'll think I deserve it
If you fake moves, don't fix your mouth to word it
Get in the zone of positivity, not negativity
Cuz we gotta strive for longevity
If you botch up, what's in that (ass) (what?)
A pair of Nikes, size ten-and-a-half (come on, come on)

[Chorus:]

We gotta make moves
Never, ever, ever could we fake moves (come on, come on) [4X]

"Time.. time is a ship on a merciless sea
Drifting toward an average of nothingness

Until it can be retarded for it's own destiny
TIME is an inanimate object
Praying and praying and praying for ??
Time is DANCING, moving lingering all memories of past.."

The Last Poets

You gotta be a winner all the time
Can't fall prey to a hip hop crime
With the dope raps and dope tracks for you for blocks
From the fly girlies to the hardest of the rocks
Musically the Quest, is on the rise
We on these Excursions so you must realize
that continually, I pop my Zulu
If you don't like it, get off the Zulu tip
So what could you do in the times which exist
You can't fake moves on your brother or your sis
But if your sis is a (bitch), brother is a jerk
Leave 'em both alone and continue with your work
Whatever it may be in today's society
Everything is fair, at least that how it seems to me
You must be honest and true to the next
Don't be phony and expect one not to flex
Especially if you rhyme, you have to live by the pen
Your man is your man, then treat him like your friend
All it is, is the code of the streets
So listen to the knowledge bein dropped over beats
Beats that are hard, beats that are funky
It could get you hooked like a crackhead junkie
What you gotta do to is know that the Tribe is in the sphere
The Abstract Poet, prominent like Shakespeare

[Chorus]

Edgar Allan Poe, it don't stop (uh!)

"Time is running out on black power Africans today
and whites blacks and reporters at night
Everytime you see them ?? with their tongues hangin out
Time is running and past and passing and running
Running and past and passing and running (excursions)"

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Verses from the Abstract"

[Q-Tip:]

I had a dream about my man last night
And my man came by the studio
And his name is...
Busta Rhymes in effect, Shaheed is in effect
Phife Did-awg is in effect
Check it out and give me my 'spect

I'm movin, yes I'm groovin cuz my mouth is on the motor
Use the Coast in the mornin to avoid the funky odor
Can't help bein funky, I'm the funky Abstract brotha
Funky in a sense, but I play the undacova
Once had a fettish, fettish for some booty
Now I'm gettin funky and my rappin, that's my duty
Brothas tend to jock on the style in particular
If you got the ego like some brothas, then I'll get with ya
But if I don't pursue, then I just don't give a (fuck)
My motto in the 90's is be happy makin bucks
Girls love the jim, cuz it causes crazy friction
When it goes up in and fluctuates the diction
I still understand the (uh!) cuz that's what I met her for
I'm hooked on the swings, so just call me the music whore
Women love the voice, brothas dig the lyrics
Quest the people's choice, we thrive it for the spirit
If you can't hear it, then get the wax utensils
Write my rhymes straight up, don't get with no fancy stensils
The rhymes we get is sweet, we stay away from tart
Our perfection is at work, perkin up the art
If you want to battle, I suggest you check your clock
Your demise is comin up and I want your man to watch
Be the prime example, I deep instilled the sample
Insignificance, here I'll place you on the mantle
Born up in Harlem, reside down in Jamaica
The girl I used to rock, her moms was a claker
Now what does that make her? The evil money taker?
The crazy move faker, I used that to break her

[Vinia Mojica singing in the background]

Phife is in the house, Uncle Mike is in the house
Bob Power is in the house, Tim Latham is in the house
Wise Men is in the house, Brand Nubs is in the house
The J Beez, they in the house and De La, they in the house

I must regroup my thoughts and kick the next ones for my people
Please don't be deceived by ugly slice of evil
The world is kinda cold and the rhythm is my blanket
Wrap yourself up in it, if you love it, then you'll thank it

Don't move to rebuttal, wave your hand for action
The ladies of the '90's want more than satisfaction
They want keys and Gs, and all those illy things
If you want to, I'll show you, just what the Ab can bring
I keep a tight net with my brothas Ken and Kenny
If the question is of rhymes, then I'll tell ya, I got plenty
The thing that men and women need to do is stick together
Progressions can't be made if we're separate forever
I hooked this funky beat with the loop and the feature
With the funky singin by Miss Vinia Mojica
So listen because the Quest is led through the underground
My people been up on Quest to long, no more will we be down
People tend to riff cuz they don't know the mental
People tend to bug cuz their beats are hard but gentle
Afro kinda lurks through the body of this youngun'
Play like Bobby Byrd on your back and your comin to
The house of the jazz, of the funk, of the rhythm
All the goods are welcome, but if you're a villain
I'll just wait and debate, contemplate your arrival
If flexin is your motive, then you don't like survival
The Abstract is speakin, the hard beats is reachin
The Black and Puerto Ricans
Cuz their butt naked, streakin through the ever murky streets
Of the urbanized areas
Blastin out the speakers is the hip hop hysteria

Craig is in the house, Pete Rock is in the house
CL is in the house, Ultra Mag is in the house
Nice and Smooth is in the house, Big Daddy Kane is in the house
Beatnuts is in the house, Special Ed is in the house

Yeah [7X]
This one goes out to my man
Thanks alot Ron Carter on the bass
Yes my man Ron Carter is on the bass
Now check it out
Born into the 91 decade
You gotta say the Quest is on
And goddamn it, yes the Quest is on
And we out!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Show Business"

(feat. Diamond D, Lord Jamar And Sadat X)

[Verse 1]

[Q-Tip]

Let me tell you 'bout the snakes, the fakes, the lies
The highs at all of these industry shing-dings
Where you see the pretty girls
In the high animated world
Checkin' for a rapper with all the dough
If you take a shit they want to know
And if you're gonna fall, they won't be around, y'all
So you still wanna do the show business?
And you think that you got what it takes?
I mean you really gotta rap and be all that
And prepare yourself for the breaks
Check it out!

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)
The ups and downs with the hoes (The Business)
Always gettin' fronted on at shows (The Business)
People gotta stick their nose (In the Business)

[Verse 2]

[Q-Tip]

Yo, I gotta speak on the cesspool
It's the rap industry and it ain't that cool
Only if you're on stage or if you're speakin' to your people
Ain't no-one your equal
Especially on the industry side
Don't let the games just glide
Right through your fingers, you gotta know the deal
So Lord Jamar speak, because you're real...

[Lord Jamar]

They're givin' you the business and puttin' on a show
You're a million dollar man that ain't got no dough
But you got a ho tickets backstage to a show
Sedated and at that fact they elated
Time pass and your ass say "Where's my loot?"
The reply is a kick in the ass from a leg and a boot
All you wanna do is taste the fruit
But in the back they're makin' fruit juice
You ask for slack and wanna get cut loose from the label

Not able cos you signed at the table
For a pretty cash advance, now they got a song and dance
That you didn't recoup, more soup wit' ya meal?
Cos this is the real when you get a record deal
And I say...

[Phife]

Aw....shucks, look what the cat hauled in
It's Phife Dawg from A Tribe Called Quest, let me begin
Like Chuck D, I got so much trouble on my mind
'bout these no-talent artists gettin' signed, they can't rhyme
And if that ain't bad, you got bootleggers
Goin' out like suckers, motherfuckers
Feel it's time that I let loose the lion
And if not that then I'll commence to head flyin'
Seems in '91 everybody want a rhyme
And then you go and sell my tape for only \$5.99?
Please nigga, I've worked too hard for this
No more will I take the booty end of the stick
Bogus brothers makin' albums when they know they can't hack it
Cos they lyrics is played like 8-Ball jackets
Now tell me I can't tear it up
Go get yourself some toilet paper cos your lyrics is butt

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)
People can't walk a straight line in (The Business)
Some of these brothers can't rhyme in (The Business)
A-yo, I'm tryna get mine (The Business)

[Verse 3]

[Sadat X]

The party scene is cool, but then again it's all the same
You see the same faces, but at different places
When you're up and ridin' high everything is palsy-palsy
Get a million pounds and all the skins give you hugs
Well that's cool, I can dig it, it really ain't my bag
Prefer to max on the side and let my pants sag
"Oh, he's a cutie", yeah, real cute
But I wasn't that cute when I didn't have no loot
Although I hit a pound of herbs I'm still nice with the verbs
So fuck what you heard
The born cipher, cipher master makes me think much faster
But critics still continue to plaster
My name and discredit my fame
All that shit is game
And I don't really give a damn
Eat from the tree of life and throw away the verbal ham

[Diamond D]

Well, excuse me, I gotta add my two cents in
Don't be alarmed, the rhyme was condensed in
A matter of minutes so it must be told
All that glitters' not gold
Everybody wants a deal, help me make a demo
See my name in bright lights, ride around in a limo
My moms keeps beefin' ("Boy, get a job")
But I wanna make jams, damn, I know I'll slam
Huh, well it's not that easy
You gotta get a label that's willin' and able
To market and promote, and you better hope
(For what?) That the product is dope
Take it from Diamond, it's like mountain climbin'
When it comes to rhymin' you gotta put your time in
Get a good lawyer so problems won't pile
You don't wanna make a pitch that's wild.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Vibes and Stuff"

[Q-Tip:]

Let me flaunt the style (style), I think that the time's near
That we drop studs (studs), there will be no duds here
Rappers play the dumb (dumb), kinda on the space tip
But when they hear the jams (jams), they be on the dilsnick
Now I'm not for the rock (rock), I know the territory
Go ahead and try (try), that's a different story
Similar to Grimm (Grimm), I could tell a better one
All about a kid (kid), who couldn't rap and didn't run
Stand (stand) aside (aside), when the rap is gettin dumb
Resort to baggin Billy (Billy), askin can he have some
No, never ever (ever) come back and try again man
If you come back (back), I'll be the first to shake your hand
Competitions good (good), it brings out the vital parts
The Abstract Poetic ('etic), majors in recital arts
Do it for the kids (kids), the elders and the rap peers
We know the job is done (done), when we hear a lot of cheers
Gotta feel the vibes (vibes), come from my creation
If the hands clap (clap) are filled with elation
Here I am ghetto, full with a lot of steam
Think I gotta, I think I gotta, I think I gotta scream (scream)
Cause that's how good it feels child
Let your hair down (down), so we can get buckwild
Do your I'll dance (dance), don't think about the next man
We must have unity and think of the bigger plan
The vision, we fall (fall) we must stick together, see
I'd like to take this time (time) to say what's up to Kool G
The name is Q-Tip (Tip), The Midnight Marauder
Give enough respect ('spect) to Afrika Bambaataa
As a man in the world (world), I must do my job
Take care of Mama Duke (Duke), I won't resort to rob
Bob you'll get your dough (dough), Mase is my witness
Obsessed with the rap (rap), for it's the mental fitness
Like shootin cee-lo (lo), and always gettin headcracks
The industry is luck (luck), winning with the fake raps
Peace to the crews (crews), who pump the real hip hop
Not sellin out (out) from hardrock to disc jock...
(From disc jock to hardrock, from hardrock to disc jock)

[Phife:]

I don't know what to say, but here I go freak it
If the papes come, then you know I'll seek it
I'm just a short brotha, dark skin face
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waist
My hair is crazy curly
Front like Mr. Furley
To this day, I still believe that no MC can serve me

Brothas try to front, but everybody know (know)
I get more props than the Arsenio Hall Show
Party animal I was, but now I chill at home
All I do is write rhymes, eat, drink, shit and bone
Found my thrill in Amityville, I'm always in the Island
Fudge and Monkey know the time, they know who keeps 'em smilin
Go out on my own, somethin that I gotta do
Do what the hell I want and have no one to listen to
I'm prompt with my business and I do things on the double
Yo, I'm out like Buster Douglass, I say peace to MC Trouble
Rest in Peace

[Q-Tip:]

Word Up, rest in Peace, and you know what else?

We got, we got, we got the vibe (vibe)

All the people in Long Island, we got the vibe (vibe)

Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibe (vibe)

Uptown and New York, we got the vibe (vibe)

People upstate, we got the vibe (vibe)

If you're in DC, you got the vibe (vibe)

Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibe (vibe)

Out West, we got the vibe (vibe)

In the Bahamas, we got the vibe (vibe)

Over in Europe, you know what? We got the vibe

And we gotta keep it alive, it goes on...

Of rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of subs

Goods with the girls, I got a whole lot of 'em

From fat to skinny, Freeda to Winnie (Winnie)

Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy (Wendy)

Cause I be more friendly (friendly), never on the snotty side

I don't brag to brothas about the little papes I got (got)

My vocal styles can vary, the sight is never scary (scary)

It's only legendary ('dary), my father well prepared me ('pared me)

My job ain't temporary, I'm here for the long shot

Better yet, the long term, I don't have a perm (perm)

In a way I do, call 'em the perma-naps

I'm crazy slap-happy and I'm scrappy when I'm nappy

When I get the mic in my hand and the crowd in stands (stands)

It's as good as grand like that (that)

I wanna say peace and dedicate this joint to MC Trouble and to

Um... Trouble T-Roy

And to um... Scott La Rock and to um... Cowboy, you know what I'm sayin?

This is for the slain rappers and the fallen rappers

You know what I'm sayin (sayin)?

This is a special, special, special, special, special dedication

And also to my pops and also to Vinny, his moms (moms)

You know what I'm sayin?

You just gotta keep it happy and keep the vibes going

And this is Vibes and Stuff

And we out...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Infamous Date Rape"

Classic, classic...
Classic example of a...a date rape [4X]

[Q-Tip:]

Listen to the rhyme, it's a black date fact
Percentile rate of date rape is fat
This is all true to the reason of the skeezin
You got the right pickin but you're in the wrong season
If you're in the wrong season, that means you gotta break
Especially if a squad tries to cry out rape
You be all vexed cuz she got it goin on
You don't wanna fight cuz you know that you're wrong
So instead you rest your head on the arm of the couch
Envision in your head of a great sex bout
Worthy opponent, all you wanna do is bone it
You ask can you kick it, she says you can't stick
This is the case, the situation is sticky
Should you try to kiss or head for a hickey
Not even, you can ask Steven
If the vibe ain't right, huh, ya leavin
Hit the road Jack and all of that
But if she offers her abode, to drop ya load
Right smack dab in the middle
Get the kitten, I got crazy tender vittles

[Phife:]

Uh huh, you know science, you get buckwild
Runnin mad games as if your name was Scott Skiles
Or better yet Magic or even Karl Malone
Regardless who it is, your aim is to bone
If she tries to front, then you start to dis her
If she's with the program, that's when you start to kiss her
Might as well get to the point, no time to waste
Might as well break the ice, then set the pace
You start to talk nasty, now she's ready to bone
Step out of the shower, throw on cologne
All of a sudden, her sugarwalls tumble down like Jericho
She's hotter than Meshach, Shadrach and Abendego
You listen to After 7, break fool after 10
Do your thing at 12 o'clock and when you go again
There goes round 1, ding, there goes round two
Now tell me what the (fuck) are you supposed to do
What do you know, when the meow is completed
Girly girl cried rape, yo, I didn't really need it

[Q-Tip:]

Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that [2X]

Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that(zulu)

We ain't goin out like that(zulu)

We ain't goin out like that

Now baby bust it, if you wanna groove
Me and you can do it, it will be the move

I won't cry over spilled milk

If you won't let me take you to the Hilt

I don't wanna bone you that much

That I would go for the unforbidden touch

I'm not the type that would go for that

I'll have to fetch a brand new cat

Baby, baby, baby I don't wanna be rude

I know because of your bloody attitude

I know why you act that way

It usually happens on the 28th day

I respect that crazily

When you're done with the past can you come check me

This ain't a joint to disrespect you

Because one head ain't better than two

Check it out

It's a classic example of a...a date...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Check the Rhime"

[Q:]

Check the rhyme y'all.

[Q:]

Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden,
We used to kick routines and presence was fittin'.

It was I the abstract

[P:]

And me the five footer.

I kicks the mad style so step off the frankfurter.

[Q:]

Yo, Phife, you remember that routine
That we used to make spiffy like mister clean?

[P:]

Um um, a tidbit, um, a smidgen.

I don~t get the message so you gots to run the pigeon.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] Well, then grab the microphone and let your words rip.

[P:]

Now here's a funky introduction of how nice I am.

Tell your mother, tell your father, send a telegram.

I'm like an energizer 'cause, you see, I last long.

My crew is never ever wack because we stand strong.

Now if you say my style is wack that's where you're dead wrong.

I slayed that body in El Segundo then push it along.

You'd be a fool to reply that Phife is not the man

'Cause you know and I know that you know who I am.

A special shot of peace goes out to all my pals, you see.

And a middle finger goes for all you punk MC's.

'Cause I love it when you wack MC's despise me.

They get vexed, I roll next, can~t none contest me.

I'm just a fly MC who's five foot three and very brave.

On top remaining, no home training cause I misbehave.

I come correct in full effect have all my hoes in check.

And before I get the butt the jim must be erect.

You see, my aura~s positive I don't promote no junk.

See, I'm far from a bully and I ain't a punk.

Extremity in rhythm, yeah that's what you heard.

So just clean out your ears and just check the word.

[Q:]

Check the rhyme y'all.

Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check it out.
Check it out.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Play tapes y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check it out.
Check it out.

[P:]

Back in days on the boulevard of Linden,
We used to kick routines and the presence was fittin'
It was I the Phifer,

[Q:]

And me, the abstract.

The rhymes were so rumpin' that the brothers rode the 'zack.

[P:]

Yo, tip you recall when we used to rock
Those fly routines on your cousin~s block.

[Q:]

Um, let me see, damn I can't remember.

I receive the message and you will play the sender.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] All the time Phife.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] Yeah, all the time Phife.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] Yo, all the time Phife.

[P:] So play the resurrector and give the dead some life.

[Q:]

Okay, if knowledge is the key then just show me the lock.

Got the scrawny legs but I move just like Lou Brock,

With speed. I'm agile plus I'm worth your while.

One hundred percent intelligent black child.

My optic presentation sizzles the retina.

How far must I go to gain respect? Um.

Well, it's kind of simple, just remain your own

Or you'll be crazy sad and alone.

Industry rule number four thousand and eighty,

Record company people are shady.

So kids watch your back 'cause I think they smoke crack,

I don't doubt it. Look at how they act.

Off to better things like a hip-hop forum.

Pass me the rock and I'll storm with the crew and...

Proper. What you say Hammer? Proper.

Rap is not pop, if you call it that then stop.

NC, y'all check the rhyme y'all.

SC, y'all check it out y'all.

Virginia, check the rhyme y'all.

Check it out. Out.

In London, check the rhyme, y'all.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Everything is Fair"

[chorus George Clinton from Funkadelic's "Let's Take It to the People":]
"Everthing is fair when you're livin in the city" [8X]

[Q-Tip:]

Lookin at Miss Lane, it was the fast lane
Barely knows her name, struck by fame
She just got a Benz, she rides with her friends
Gotta keep her beeper in her purse to make ends
Rollin down the block, checkin out the spots
She winks at the cops, always give her props
She knows she's the woman, can't nobody touch her
Hangs out for the loot, makes her papes from the gutter
Tried to make my moves on Miss Lane, she called me young boy
Told her not to dis me I just want to be your love toy
You young boy, my love toy, I doubt that very highly
Just because you rhyme don't mean I'll let you try me
Business oriented, egos never dented
Always sweet scented, if it's business, she meant it
Distractions never hurt, always did the work
Always was alert, she never got jerked
Queen of the feats, thrive to compete
Love the funky beats while she drive down the street
She was justified, couldn't get a job
Had to feed her family, so she had to play, then rob
Pullin out the ooh wop, listenin to doo-wop
You don't have to say a word
(gunshots)That's all ya heard

[chorus 4X]

She's not a big kahuna, wish I met her sooner
Instead, I met her later, my love is much greater
Put me on her roster, to rid her of impostaers
And to sell the buddah for the sexy drug ruler
Love is my motive, now I'm drug promotive
Plus I needed duckets to fill up my buckets
Supplied me with the squeezy to make my life easy
Now I'm missing action for this fatal attraction
But don't you let me catch you with your joint up in these bitches
And don't you even dare to plan a plot upon my riches
Cuz if you play me out, I think I'll let ya be
I'll be damned if I let a brotha try to gas me
I played my cards well, try to live swell
For the G, I would sell, cuz I was deep in hell
But then I really wasn't, she had a fly cousin
Who would give me booty on the side of my cutie
Elaine, she kinda new, that I would do the do

But she didn't tear, I did my work with care
That's all that really mattered, he money never splattered
As long as she was paid, she was in the shade
You can't really blame her for holdin on a flamer
Society taught her, but they didn't tame her
A ten clip salute, hunny heres a troop
She will never stop until she reach the top
Top, top...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We Got the...)"

[Intro/Chorus]

We got the jazz [X4]

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

Stern firm and young with a laid-back tongue
The aim is to succeed and achieve at 21
Just like Ringling Brothers, I'll daze and astound
Captivate the mass, cause the prose is profound

Do it for the strong, we do it for the meek
Boom it in your boom it in your boom it in your Jeep
Or your Honda or your Beemer or your Legend or your Benz
The rave of the town to your foes and your friends

So push it, along, trails, we blaze
Don't deserve the gong, don't deserve the praise
The tranquility will make ya unball your fist
For we put hip-hop on a brand new twist

A brand new twist with the homie-alistic
So low-key that ya probably missed it
And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd
When the guy takes the beat, they bowed

So raise up squire, address your attire
We have no time to wallow in the mire
If you're on a foreign path, then let me do the lead
Join in the essence of the cool-out breed

Then cool out to the music cuz it makes ya feel serene
Like the birds and the bees and all those groovy things
Like getting stomach aches when ya gotta go to work
Or staring into space when you're feeling berserk

I don't really mind if it's over your head
Cuz the job of resurrectors is to wake up the dead
So pay attention, it's not hard to decipher
And after the horns, you can check out the Phifer

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' me come straightway

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' come straightway

Hows about that, it seems like it's my turn again

All through the years my mike has been my best friend

I know some brothers wonder, can Phifer really kick it?

Some even wanna dis me, but why sweat it?

I'm all into my music cuz it's how I make papes

Tryin' to make hits, like Kid Capri makes tapes

Me sweat another? I do my own thing

Strictly hardcore tracks, not a new jack swing

I grew up as a Christian so to Jah I give thanks

Collect my banks, listen to Shabba Ranks

I sing, and chat, I do all of that

It's 1991 and I refuse to come wack

I take off my hat to other crews that intend to rock

But the Low End Theory's here, it's time to wreck shop

I got Tip and Shah, so whom shall I fear

Stop look and listen, but please don't stare

So jet to the store, and buy the LP

On Jive/RCA, cassettes and CD's

Produced and arranged by the four-man crew

And oh shit, Skiff Anselm, he gets props too

Make sure you have a system with some phat house speakers

So the new shit can rock, from Mars to Massapequa

Cuz where I come from quality is job one

And everybody up on Linden know we get the job done

So peace to that crew, and peace to this crew

Bring on the tour, we'll see you at a theatre nearest you

[Verse Three: Q-Tip]

Hey yo but wait, back it up, hup, easy back it up

Please let the Abstract embellish on the cut

Back and forth just like a Cameo song

If you dig this joint then please come dance along

To the music cuz it's done just for the rhyme

Now I gotta scat and get mine, underline

The jazz, the what? The jazz can move that ass

Cuz the Tribe originates that feelin' of pizzazz

It's the universal sound, best to brothers underground

In the one-six below, ya didn't have to go

Some say that I'm a sinner cuz I once had an orgy
And sometimes for breakfast I eat grits and porgies
If this is a stinker, then call me a stink, I ask
"What? What? What?" - now check it out

All my peoples in Queens ya don't stop
Now all my peoples in Brooklyn ya don't stop
And all my peoples uptown ya don't stop
That includes the Bronx a' Harlem ya don't stop

Now to that girl Ramelle ya don't stop
I say because Ladies First ya don't stop
And to the JB's, ya don't stop
And De La Soul, ya don't stop

To my Brand Nubians ya don't stop
And to my Leaders of the New ya don't stop
To my man Large Professor ya don't stop
Pete Rock for the beat ya don't stop

Everybody in the place ya don't stop
Ya keep it on, to the rhythm, ya don't stop
And last but not least on the sure shot
It's the Zulu nation

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Skypager"

[Q-Tip:]

Do you know the importance of a skypager?

Those who don't believe, see you're laid behind
Got our skypagers on all the time
Hurry up and get yours cuz I got mine
Especially if you do shows, they come in fine
If you're with a G and you're sippin wine
Eatin cacciatore with a twist of lime
Gotta meet your lover at a quarter to 9
Joint by base, then you get your high

[Phife:]

If you get your then high, mine is next
The 'S' in skypage really stands for sex
Beeper's goin off like Don Trump gets checks
Keep my bases loaded like the New York Mets
At times I miss the pager so you don't get vex
Havin bad days like a voodoo hex
Conceptually, a pager is so complex
Cuz I be standin by the phone ready to flex

(Welcome to the new skypager)

[phone dialing]

(Enter telephone number or other numeric message)

[Q-Tip:]

Uh, so funky *[4X]*

[Phife:]

The batteries I use are called Du-ra-cell
They last for three weeks so they do me well
Don't be goin through no phases my joint stays on
24-7, from dusk til dawn
If you're in Costa Rica on a sunlit beach
You greed for the Phifer, I can be reached
A number of importance, I just put it on lock
You leave code '69", that means you want some (cock)

[Q-Tip:]

People tend to think that a pager's foul
Well it kinda is, cuz it makes me scoul
But it really hurts when you're on the prowl
Brothas know it hurts when you're on the prowl
Grabbin on my joint cuz I'm an eager owl
Get paged by a G or a business pal
My shit is overflowin, they won't allow

Another page, so I'll just end this now
(Message sent. Thank you for calling skypager)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"What?"

[Q-Tip:]

Babies babble on, they lookin for excuses
Game for the buzzer who kicked it to the losers
Lame as a brain, could be, golly gee
If you see a shrink he'll charge you a fee
If you see me ya see the fee is nothing
Fee will be for patience all that's no fronting

What is a party if it doesn't really rock?
What is a poet? All balls, no cock
What is a war if it doesn't have a general?
What's channel nine if it doesn't have Arsenio?
What is life if you don't have fun?
What is a what if you ain't got a gun?
What's Ali without Shaheed Muhammad?
Nothing. Kapelka makes you vomit

What is a Quest if the players ain't willing?
What is a pence if you don't have a shilling?
Excuse me if I'm chillin, hey what, say what
What's a fat man without food in his gut?

What's a child birth, without the umbilical?
What's United Parcel, without the deliverer?
What's momma-san, without poppa-san?
What's martial arts without Daniel-San?
What's Rasheed without Tonya, Tamika?
What's orange juice and Doug E. Doug without Shaniqua?
Not a not a not a not a damn thing
What's Duke Ellington without that swing?

What's Alex Haley if it doesn't have roots?
What's a weekend if you ain't knockin boots?
What's a black nation, without black unity?
What is a child who doesn't know puberty?
What is my label when I exit boom status?
What's menage-a-tois, or, that is
What is sex when you have three people?
What are laws if they ain't fair and equal?
What's Clark Kent without a telephone booth?
What is a liquor if it ain't 80 proof?
What are the youth if they ain't rebellin?
What's Raplh Cramden, if he ain't yellin
At Ed Norton, what is coke snortin?

What is position if there is no contortin?
What is hip-hop if it doesn't have violence?

Chill for a minute, Doug E. Fresh said silence
[Four second pause]

What is a glock if you don't have a clip?
What's a lollipop without the Good Ship?
What's S&M if you don't have chains?
What's a con artist if he doesn't have brains?
What's America without greed and glamour?
What's an MC if he doesn't have stamina?
What's music fractured without Mr. Walt?
What's Trugoy without a phrase called torte?

What's Kris Lighty if he wasn't such a baby?
What is a woman if she didn't say maybe?
Baby laid down, I removed the frown
What would be my penal cord if it wasn't brown?

What is a paper without a president?
What is a compound without a element?
What is a jam if you don't spike the punch?
What's a Brewski if you don't buy brunch?

Oooh ooh, it's like that you keep goin
Freak freak y'all cause you know that we showin
What to go what to go what to go what to go what
To go what to go what to go what to go WHAT

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Scenario"

[Tribe and L.O.N.S.:]

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

[Phife Dawg:]

Ayo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)
But Bo don't know jack, 'cause Bo can't rap
Well what do you know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat
No batteries included, and no strings attached
No holds barred, no time for move faking
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow
But we've been known to do the impossible like Broadway Joe so

Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Zs troop
But here's the real scoop
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come from

I'm vexed, fuming, I've had it up to here
My days of paying dues are over, acknowledge me as in there (yeah)
Head for the border, go get a taco
Watch me wreck it from the jump street, meaning from the get-go
Sit back relax and let yourself go
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know

[Charlie Brown:]

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)
Who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)
Real live y'all (live y'all!)
Inside outside come around
(who's that?) Brown

So may I say, call me Charlie
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley
Lay back on the payback, evolve rotate the gates contact
Can I get a hit? (hit!)
Boom bip with a brother named Tip
And we're ready to flip

East coast stomping, ripping and romping
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton
Checka-checka-check it out!
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow

We're ill 'til the skill gets down

For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new
But the rest are doo-doo
From radio to the video to Arsenio
Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario

[Dinco D:]

(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo
Scenarios, radios, rates more than four
Scores for the s'mores that smother dance floors
Now I go for mine, shades of sea shore

Ship-shape, crushed grapes, apes that play tapes
Papes make drakes baked for the wakes
Of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader
Base in the space means peace, see ya later

Later? (Later!) Later alligator
Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater
So yo the D what the O, incorporated I-N-C into a flow
Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight
Laugh yo how's that sound (oh!)

[Q-Tip, Busta Rhymes:]

It's a Leader-Quest mission and we got the goods here (here!)
Never on the left 'cause my right's my good ear (ear!)
I could give a damn about a ill subliminal
Stay away from crime so I ain't no criminal

I love my young nation, groovy sensation
No time for hibernation, only elation
Don't ever try to test the water, little kid
Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I did

I heard you rushed and rushed, and attacked
Then they rebuked and you had to smack
Causing rambunction, throughout the sphere
Raise the levels of the boom inside the ear

You know I did it
So don't violate or you get violated
The hip-hop sound is well agitated
Won't ever waste no time on the played-out ego
So here's Busta Rhymes with the, Scenario

[Busta Rhymes:]

Watch, as I combine all the juice from the mind
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind
Powerful impact boom from the cannon
Not bragging, tryna read my mind just imagine
Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary
When digging into my library

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!
Eating Ital Stew like the one Peter Tosh-a

Uh, uh uh, all over the track man
Uh, pardon me, uh, as I come back

As I did it yo I had to beg your pardon
When I travel through the town I roll with the squadron
Rawr! Rawr! Like a dungeon dragon
Change your little drawers 'cause your pants are sagging

Try to step to this, I will, twist you in a turban
And had you smelling ripe, like some old stale urine

Chickity-choco, the chocolate chicken
The rear cock diesel, butt cheeks they were kicking
Yo, busting out before the Busta bust another rhyme
The rhythm is in sync (uh!) the rhymes are on time (time!)
Rippin' up the sound just like Horatio
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario!
Yeah, my man motherfucker!

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario